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# ·: THE :-·: MORNINGSIDE :-

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## The Gray-Light

Down by the witch of the water's moan There sweeps with the foam-scud free, The dust of the sunbeam's summer rain. The gray-light on the sea. And ever it girdles the iron shore. Or combs the flowing waves, Or seems with the silver beams to pore Through the vaults of the ocean caves, Or mounts the heavens on lazy wings, Like a gossamer woof of spray, And kisses each sea-weed harp that sings When the sun woos out the day, Ah! then to my heart a love is borne, A love to be wild and free! A love to live on the waters waste With the gray-light on the sea!

A. R. Allan



#### An Incident of Thesis Week

HE Library was almost empty. Outdoors the wind howled and moaned, drove the rain and sleet against the glass sides of the dome with spiteful vehemence, and made one thankful to be under a roof. Having risen from a comfortable dinner, and instead of a cozy reverie chosen rather to brave the discomfort of a sleet-storm at night, because, forsooth, my thesis was due next week instead of some time in the latter part of next month, as it should properly have been, I yet felt that life was not so bad after all, that the Library, if not exciting, was at least warm, and at every fierce blast of the baffled gale I praised the tin gods of Columbia that I was deep in history rather than in slush.

I was one of four: a hoary-headed bookworm, a conditioned '98 man, and an insatiable girl were my only companions. Not a sound but the turning of the leaves, the clack of the typewriter, and an occasional cough from the girl, disturbed the peaceful quiet of the sanctum; and as I read page after page, a feeling of the most absolute content, mingled no doubt with drowsiness, stole over me, and I asked myself, What more could a man desire? Here was peace and quiet; comfort and warmth, too, for the yawning ventilators had

ceased to pour forth icy whirlwinds from the regions below on the back of the bald head of uncomplaining bronze Socrates.

Thus I mused, and perceiving that the course my mind was taking would lead me to the Land of Dreams, I strolled over to a favorite nook of mine to pass the half-hour vet remaining of the evening's study-hour. The place is a delightful one, and I hesitate to disclose it to you, gentle reader, lest I should find you there the next time I come; but I shall do it, if only to prove my good-will to you. Behind the bookcase, in the northeast corner of the reading-room, there are, gathered, as you probably know, an array of our most delightful authors. There is generally a pair of steps here, and it is my delight to perch here of an evening and read at random. I ensconced myself in this little retreat, took down a volume of Holmes, and lost myself in it. I read for a while, and then the drowsy, comfortable atmosphere again began to overcome me, and I leaned against the books and closed my eyes. When I awoke, as I did with a start, the light above me was out and the room even quieter than it had been; not a sound broke the stillness. Although the lights were out, the building was filled with a soft white light, which I took to be that of our little wooden moon. But I was mistaken; it was the real moon shining in through the dome window, and the white ball was barely discernible from the dark-blue background of the ceiling. As I gazed upwards towards the moonlight, I suddenly started. It could not be-but, yes, it was so. four great stone statues of the sages were gone. I could not believe my eyes! I came out from behind the bookcase, and, walking into the centre of the room, looked up at all four sides to see if I had not lost my bearings and was looking in the wrong balcony for them; there was not a trace of them, they had disappeared. I stood absolutely at a loss; there was no one in the room, the gate was closed, and the loan desk, as I

could see through the bars, was entirely deserted, and the lights out. Only the soft glow of the moonlight relieved the whole building from absolute darkness. Suddenly, I heard a deep chuckle, and the next instant there appeared before the gate several great white figures, one of whom proceeded to climb it. I recognized them in an instant; they were the missing sages. I had just enough presence of mind left to rush into the central bookcase and hide myself behind the smaller one inside—I must confess, with no little apprehension, for the idea of an encounter with four eight-foot sages at this time of night was not an attractive one. I heard four light drops to the floor, and then a little chuckling and whispering coming nearer and nearer. I drew myself out of sight more carefully, and heard a deep voice say:

"I'll show it to you if you want; it is the greatest book you ever saw; there are some daisy pictures in it of girls. It is called 'Munsey's,' though what that means I haven't the slightest idea."

As a matter of fact, this speech was in Attic Greek, but having been four years up here I, of course, had no difficulty in understanding it, and have translated rather freely, aiming more at the spirit than the letter.

"Trust you for always finding a pretty girl, Euripides," remarked a shriller and less musical voice, with a note of contempt in it, which I thought a trifle unwarranted. It did not seem to disturb the person called Euripides, however, for he merely answered, "Have it your own way, Demosthenes," and I heard a volume slid out from the other side of the case which separated me from them, a chair pulled out, and the book slapped down on the desk. There was a minute's silence, and a third voice broke it:

"Now about this plan of mine; I think we four fellows ought to get together, so that when the other twelve places

fill up, and we have a constitution and all that, we four can run things as we want; I think we ought to have a President, Secretary, and an Orator. You ought to be Secretary, Sophocles, you're writing so much all the time; and you'll be the Orator, of course, Demosthenes. For President, I don't quite——"

"Why, we'll make Euripides President, won't we?" said the fourth voice of the quartette—a voice which was cool and deliberate, and to me very attractive.

"I don't know about that," replied the other, in an argumentative way. "Of course, he's a very nice fellow and all that; but, you see, he's an athlete and sort of happy-go-lucky, and that kind don't do for Presidents."

"That's right," assented the voice which had been called Demosthenes. "I won't be Orator under him; we want brains here, not muscle, and he gets enough glory, anyhow, without being President. Why don't you be President, Cæsar?"

"Well—I don't know," hesitated Cæsar. "If you want me, of course I'll be only too glad to do it. It's a lot of work, but I guess I can manage it."

"We do want you," replied the voice again. "Don't we, Sophocles?"

"Yes, I suppose so," was the rather unethusiastic reply; "but I'm a little tired of politics. Suppose we talk of something else. Aren't you glad to get down from those pedestals? I thought those people would never clear out to-night."

It occurred to me in a very forcible way that I had very often heard similar conversations and similar schemes advanced in this very place in the daytime, and I began to doubt very gravely whether, if I were to get a glimpse of the speakers again, I should not find, instead of hoary sages, a group of ordinary every-day college men. At any rate, an

irresistible desire came over me to make the trial, and keeping a sharp look-out, I slunk down the aisle and hid myself behind the desk usually occupied by our gallant admiral. Hardly had I reached my haven when three of the white giants came stalking around the bookcase in earnest conversation. A disagreeable frown overspread the face of Demosthenes, and he said, a trifle bitterly:

"No; you're right, Julius," he interrupted. "Euripides is no sort of man for any position. I thought college was a place to study, and that's what it ought to be. Simply because Euripides happens to be a little bit bigger and stronger than I am, he gets a lot of glory and honor from everyone, and all my work goes for nothing. And that isn't right. My work is more important than his; it's harder to study than it is just to play games, and run and jump; anybody can do that; and yet nobody cares whether I know a lot or not, and they go crazy over him. It isn't fair."

Cæsar smiled smoothly at this, and with a wink to Sophocles, entirely ignored by the latter, said:

"Yes, that is true, Demosthenes; and if I should be elected President I'll do all I can to have brains recognized and not muscle—"

At this moment Euripides, who, with a broad grin on his face, had been clumsily turning the pages of his much-prized "Munsey," suddenly jumped up and said:

"Well, I must be going, boys. I won't be long, as I am only going to do a little light work to-day. Why don't you come with me, Sophocles; a little gym. work will do you lots of good?"

"Thanks, Euripides," replied Sophocles; "but you know I daren't go over the gate. I have had these scrolls out for I don't know how long now, and I am afraid if any of the Library should by chance be around anywhere, I would have

to sell my toga to pay the fine I owe. I'll go some other time."

"Oh, yes! I forgot that," returned the other, and swung down the aisle, climbed the gate easily despite his bulk, and disappeared to the right.

Cæsar remarked:

"He's a fool to try and become an athlete again at his time of life; he won't stand a chance with the men nowadays; they'll beat him all to pieces. He's wrapped up in it, though; we weren't here a week when he came back one night from one of his exploring trips around this place as pleased as Punch because he had found one of these new-fangled gymnasiums, and he was going to train and win the Olympian games, which, he had heard from some of the children who stand by us every day and throw things down into the readingroom, had been revived and are to take place this summer. I told him it was no use, he was too old; but he is horribly obstinate and would not listen to me, and now he goes down there every day, and comes back here all fagged out and trying to persuade himself that he is not a has-been. He is ridiculous!"

"Well," broke in Sophocles, "I'm not so sure that he is ridiculous. Do you know, I rather admire his pluck and perseverance; and if muscular fame is as unworthy as our friend Demosthenes here thinks it, yet I should say that it required qualities, if not of the mind at least of the heart, which are in themselves very desirable and ennobling, and that when a man sneers at them, he rather lays himself open to criticism for narrow-mindedness."

This interpolation drew a sniff from Demosthenes, and a forced laugh from Cæsar, who replied:

"You do get stirred up easily over trifles, Sophos, old man. I didn't mean that physical fame isn't all right, but that we

are above it. It is all right for Euripides, but we want something more. That's all I meant; you do flare up on the least provocation."

Sophocles said nothing, smiled, a little sadly I thought, and conversation lagged.

It was begun again, however, in a lively fashion by Euripides, who reappeared over the gate, presenting rather a startling appearance. A 'Varsity sweater, which was stretched to an amazing extent to admit his huge body, set off an almost unwieldy pair of shoulders; and a pair of rowing trousers which, instead of being loose as they were intended, fitted his powerful, heavy limbs like a glove. His brawny, hard muscles stood out in strong relief, and altogether his vast frame presented the effect of the most powerful kind of sheer physical strength. His face was flushed with exercise, and his deep voice broke the rather strained silence of the trio in a waythat made my heart warm to him. Glorving in his strength, he immediately began to express the pleasure he had had, and to try to persuade the others to share it with him. Sophocles entered into his mood and took as much pleasure. I believe. in hearing the recital of his day's work and feelings as Euripides did in the telling of them; but the other two were not enthusiastic. Cæsar listened in a patronizing way, and Demosthenes showed his contempt openly. Euripides seemed to care little for that, however, and being perfectly content with Sophocles' sympathy, hitched his arm into that of the latter and led him away from the others. As the two men paced up and down the aisle, arm in arm—the one a picture of strong, healthy, honest manhood; the other just as manly, but adding the courteous, tactful, and powerful mind-they presented a striking contrast to the two who remained, nodding and whispering to each other in the centre of the room. Suddenly I heard a bell; it sounded like the loan desk bell and did not disturb me greatly, but the effect on the sages was extraordinary. Euripides' enthusiastic countenance lengthened into an expression of ludicrous astonishment; Sophocles smiled quickly; Cæsar started; and Demosthenes, with a terrified shout of "Downstairs!" headed a rush for the stairs near me. In alarm I started up, caught my heel, and lurched forward to the floor, my volume of Holmes sprawling out into the room, and the steps jerked clattering after me. As I picked up the book, and incidentally myself, with a sheepish smile, the bookworm scowled, the '98 man grinned, and an attendant, coming to me, murmured respectfully:

"The closing bell has just rung, Sir."

J. R. K.





HIS year a new system in rowing matters has been inaugurated, we are told by the initiated ones—a system which is intended to accomplish the startling effect of producing a winning crew. A marked effort has been made to popularize the hitherto exclusive sport of rowing, and an unparalleled number of men with crew ambitions have suddenly been discovered. Where they have been these four years or so we are not told, but the fact remains that at last they have appeared. Now the question is, how long will their new-born aspirations be permitted to thrive and bask in the sun of official favor? Strange as it may seem, this is a matter of some interest, not only to those who ran, or rather crawled, the crew to ruin last year, but to the entire University. Now that the vast treasure that was to flow into our athletic coffers from the football team has failed to flow and unfortunately dried up, the students must once more go deep into their pockets to produce the sinews of war and rowing. Inconsiderate though it may be, those who provide the financial sinews sometimes like to try their hand at furnishing the muscular sinews-a desire which in former years they have been denied. This year, however, there has been an apparent disposition to let them have a share in the work. Now what we demand for them is a chance to share in more glory than Columbia has had from her rowing for many years.

OF late a most universal and iniquitous passion for gambling, formerly carried on solely by Freshmen in the dark recesses of College Hall, has seized us; and even Seniors now divide their time between spinning tops and pitching nickels. This would indeed be terrible were it not that our President has had some experience with Tammany Hall and should be familiar with its methods. Let him now put this knowledge to a practical use, levy a tax on all these gambling games and devote the proceeds to the athletic treasury. In this way not only will our financial problems be solved, but all those who, a few years ago, scoffed at the President's ability to govern New York will be confounded and silenced forever.

MORNINGSIDE takes pleasure in announcing the election to the Board of Editors of Mr. H. F. Small, 1901, College.



## Arbutus Song

Arbutus, Arbutus, flower of the cold and frost,
Rooted in Winter, first blossom of the Spring,
The soft note struck in the silence to tune the year,
Visible promise of song, and the longing to sing—
With summer-like honey in its heart, the Arbutus is here!

O my Arbutus! Once in the cold and frost,
When Love, instead of the Spring, came from afar
To clasp the earth and drive my winter away,
The Arbutus bloomed in the dawn like the morning star—
The luminous kiss on the lips of night and day.

Arbutus, Arbutus, flower of the cold and frost,

Flower of the Winter, strangest flower of the Spring;
A light has fallen on the world, so strange to see!

The days of love have blossomed in the cold, and bring
Songs for the Summer and stars for the dawn and Arbutus
for me.

J. E.



# The Mournful History of Hector and

NCE upon a time there dwelt in Barnard a fair damsel, Eutoxina by name, daughter of Jove by Crambophage, the most beautiful of his thousand and one spouses. And it came to pass that Eutoxina fell in love with Hector, a yellow-haired mortal, and was beloved by him. Now Hector was a Freshman in the College.

And it so happened that there was a small-pox scare; and the decree went forth from the dean's office that all the world should be vaccinated. And they were vaccinated, being assembled together in a spacious tobacco-filled grotto of the wide-domed library. And the physician, illustrious child of Æsculapius, plied diligently his gleaming needle and vaccinearmed toothpick.

And Hector bared his brawny arm; and the doctor made an incision therein, and smeared the vaccine thereon; and his blue blood gushed forth. But, as the noble Hector saw it gush, his spirit departed, and he fell swooning to the ground with a great cry.

Him howling, swan-necked Eutoxina beheld; and she rushed to the rescue. But when she saw him prostrate on the

ground, and his blue blood trickling out, she fell upon him and kissed him on the lips. And a germ clung to her ruby lips.

This saw fostering Venus, who was jealous of Eutoxina on account of her beauty; and she changed the damsel into a cow. And the germ which was upon her lips increased and multiplied and formed a cow-pox; and she died; and great was the grief thereat. And her sister, Lymphia, lamented bitterly the death of her, a maiden, crying aloud: "Eheu! Eheu! Now never may I, miserable one, be an auntietoxin."

But the body of Eutoxina they cremated with many tears; and they gave the ashes to Hector to be kept by him as a perpetual memorial. But he gave them to the Track Team as the nucleus for a cinder-path in "Athletic Field."

Translated from a newly-discovered manuscript of Homer by

\*Richard Kelly\*\*



#### The Natal Hour

A sigh of joy from its silver breast
That rippled along with laughter light,
Spoke to me of care-free rest
In the gently palpitating breast
Of the brooklet gleaming bright.

Each bird in the trees took up the note
As it fluttered its way from bough to bough,
Pouring forth from its bursting throat
A flood of life in a quivering note,
First loud, then falling low.

The branches whispered the bliss to the breeze
In a secret of fragrance, and murmur of balm,
Filtering forth from the sleeping trees
With the lazy, summer-time, sunrise breeze
That makes the morning calm.

A wreath of mist curled up from the brook,
Glittering soft in the golden morn,
The birds grew shriller, the branches shook
As a radiant fairy arose from the brook,
And I knew that love was born.

Walter J. Heimann

#### The Minstrel's Tale

E would have a tale, my lords and ladies, in place of further song? Right well doth that fall in with mine own liking, for I am not much tempered to minstrelsy this night. There is an old happening which hath of late been much on my mind.

'Tis now a matter of some thirty years since that I dwelt in the Court of Philip of France, first of the name. There it was I learnt to sing and say. And surely it was a fitting garden wherefrom to pluck the rose of song; never have I seen truer knights nor fairer ladies than in King Philip's Court.

Among the demoiselles was one Claire de Bonast, lady-in-waiting on the Queen, who beyond human simile surpassed all the rest in beauty of body and soul. Widely was she loved. 'Tis said the King himself coveted her; but no such wooing as his found favor with her, and the good King must needs console himself with easier, if less desired conquests. Thereto had she hosts of honorable suitors; only a word and she could have had to husband one of the first lords of France.

'Twas soon easy to see whom of the suitors she preferred. A petty lord it was, one Baron d'Angeville. The Baron d'Angeville—'twas strange! There was not one of the Ten Commandments this lord had not broken in his day. Many had been his causeless feuds and drunken brawls; time was when mothers would lock up their daughters, he being about, and husbands cause their ladies to feign sickness; also he grew rich at the expense of his neighbor. Yet he was pleasing to the eye, and his love for the Lady Claire did greatly purify his heart and straighten the life he led. Such as he was she dearly loved him. He made open heart to her of all

his past misdeeds; and she gave him hope, saying that past sins are ever washed out by repentance and present good deeds. Swore then the Lord Baron no angel were better than his lady—nor much better than he himself would thenceforth be.

Were there no discordant echo of the past to mar the present's music, then were this Earth no longer Earth, but Paradise. The Lord d'Angeville, happy and careless in his love of the Lady Claire, forgot the blackness of his former life. Not so the men of the Lord, whose eyes look further than to temporal well-being. Soon the Baron was seen constantly in the company of his father confessor. They would remain together for hours, in grave conversation. The good priest was ever stern in expression, and often in the interview was he seen to shake his head ominously, and the Lord Baron would come away worried and ill at ease. Soon his cheeks grew wasted with fasting and nightly vigils, and his back was bent with soreness of scourging; half his wealth gave he to the Church. And still the father confessor looked stern and shook his head yet more ominously.

So it came about that the Lord Baron 'gan to fear mightily for his salvation. It could be seen that dread was ever upon him. From above his hollow cheeks his eyes gleamed with an awesome fire. At the board he would speak to no one, but gazed vacantly before him, ever and anon shuddering and clutching at the nearest object within reach. Often as he walked in some unlit alley did I see him suddenly look behind him, his eyes bulging with fright, as though he feared to see Satan following him.

For a man in such state is little thought of love. The Lord d'Angeville now shunned the Lady Claire, or when he was with her paid her no attention, but sat silent and abstracted, all absorbed in his own fearful thoughts. Of course, she noted this change with much sadness; but when she tried to

comfort him her words jarred only on his shattered nerves. Sorely wounded was she, since her love for him was great. One day when she thought herself alone, I heard her sob and saw her wring her hands. Much longed I to comfort her; but who was I, a poor singer of songs, to step between the Baron d'Angeville and the workings of Heaven? Yet one night, when he and the Lady Claire sat at the board, I began a tale of how a sinning knight was saved through pure woman's love. His Grace the Bishop hushed me, saying my tale was unhallowed. Doubtless it was, sith he said so; doubtless it was.

Thus matters went on. The Lord Baron and the Lady Claire grew ever sadder and sicker in heart and body—he for fear of Hell, and she for love of him. Their ways grew separate, and marriage seemed always further away. All the Court pitied the plight of the poor lady.

One day I left Paris to sing in a neighboring court; for three days' space was I absent. When I came back the whole city seemed stirred to its depths. Men, women and children surged and swayed in one mass, filling the air with shouts I could not understand. Yet these words I caught: "Dieu le veut. Dieu le veut!" Everywhere in that dark human wave gleamed forth knightly armor; on each breastplate saw I a red cross. Using mightiest effort, I pushed my way through . the thick of the crowd. At last I could get no further, for men were packed so close that they formed a wall impossible to break through. Then stood I on tiptoe, and craning my neck, I saw above all the heads. In the centre stood a man clad in hermit's garb; bent he was with age and seeming suffering. Just then he was ending an exhortation: "And those," he cried, "who embrace this holy undertaking shall be dispensed of all past sins, and to them is the road to Heaven free and open," At that moment the crowd began

to rock and seethe within itself; I was jostled hither, thither—whither I knew not—until suddenly I found myself on the outskirts of the mass. As I stood there, the crowd was parted, and forth there rode a cavalcade of knights, each with a red cross on his breast. Foremost among them I espied the Baron d'Angeville. He rode close by me and I could see a strange smile on his lips, in his sunken eyes a hopeful and unearthly gleam.

Much marvelled I. Plucking a man by the sleeve I asked, "Whither go these knights?" "Knowest thou not?" he cried, greatly amazed. "They follow Walter the Penniless to the Holy Land, there to wrest the Lord's Sepulchre from the infidel Turk." And once more arose the shout: "Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!"

Then I returned to the Court. I was met by the Lady Claire. "Have you seen aught of the Lord d'Angeville?" she asked, anxiously.

Much startled, and completely thrown off my guard, I fairly cried, "What, hath he not bid thee farewell?"

"Farewell ----what sayest thou? Farewell?"

"Yea, Lady, he hath joined them that go on holy mission to Palestine, and he will return with the blessings—"

But I said no more, for the Lady had swooned.

For two years she awaited the return of the Baron d'Angeville. But no man saw him evermore alive; some Crusaders returning later reported how that they had found on the Plain of Nicaea bones of men so plentiful that they did erect therewith a bulwark for defense against the Turks. Among them they found the standard of Walter the Penniless.

What came of the Lady Claire? She lived in a cloister for a twelvementh after these ill tidings and then she died, for her soul swelled with suffering beyond the confines of mortal flesh. Nay, frown not thus on me, good Lord Bishop. I blame nothing the Lord d'Angeville. Right holy was his undertaking and, surely, therewith he hath gained salvation. Only—not a single word of farewell to the Lady Claire!

H. F. S.



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#### Columbia University in the City of New York

COLUMBIA University includes both a college and a university in the strict sense of the words. The college is Columbia College, founded in 1754 as King's College. The university consists of the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science.

The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college during which was student in the college and the university is the senior.

the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Barnard College, a college for women, is financially a separate corporation; but,

educationally, is a part of the system of Columbia University,
Teachers College, a professional school for teachers. is also, financially, a separate

corporation; and also, educationally, a part of the system of Columbia University.

Each college and school is under the charge of its own faculty, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are all under the charge

of the Faculty of Applied Science.

For the care and advancement of the general interests of the university educational system, as a whole, a council has been established, which is representative of all the corporations concerned.

#### THE COLLEGES

Columbia Collegeoffers for menacourse of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the Annual Circular of Information.

Barnard College, founded in 1889, offers for women a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the Annual Circular of Information.

#### THE UNIVERSITY

In a technical sense, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation reservision. study and investigation, respectively, in(a) Private or Municipal Law, (b) Medicine, (c) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, (d) History, Economics and Public Law, (e) Mathematics and Natural Science, and (f) Applied Science. Courses of study under all of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in Columbia College. Certain courses under the nonprofessional faculties are open to women who have taken the first degree. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also con-ferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

#### III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

The Faculties of Law, Medicine and Applied Science, conduct respectively the professional schools of Law, Medicine, and Mines, Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, to which students are admitted as candidates for professional degrees on terms prescribed by the faculties concerned. The faculty of Teachers College conducts professional courses for teachers, that lead to a diploma of the university.

1. The School of Law, established in 1858, offers a course of three years, in the principles and practice of private and public law, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

2. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, founded in 1807, offers a course of four years in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

3. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a professional degree in mining engineering and in metallurgy.

4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, courses of study, each of four years, leading to an appropriate professional degree, in analytical and applied chemistry; in civil, sanitary, electrical, and mechanical engineering; and in architecture.

5. Teachers College, founded in 1888 and chartered in 1889, was included in the university in 1898. It offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers courses of two years, leading to a departmental diploma in Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art and Manual Training. Certain of its courses are accepted by Columbia University, and may be of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy.

SETH LOW, LL, D., President